

SHALL GIRL SPY'S GHOST OF CIVIL WAR DAYS HAUNT WOMAN'S CLUB ON CAPITOL HILL

STONEWALL'S AIDE ROOMS ABOUT HOUSE

Belle Boyd, Confederate Girl Twice Sentenced to Death by Federal Government, Who Won Personal Thanks of Stonewall Jackson's Army by Her Daring, Returns in Spirit to House Where She Was Condemned.

By ELIZABETH SHIELDS.

POOR little lonely ghost! Poor small shadow of a shade, wistfully lingering at the edge of reality! Or—and here is the problem!—is she ever so much less tangible than a wraith? Is she really no more than a creature of imagination?

A certain perturbed portion of this city is asking these questions; asking them softly, in lip-to-ear manner.

For to date the little ghost lady, if she be such, has managed to stir up this list of annoyances:

Prospect of the magnificent first national political clubhouse for women harboring a permanent "hand."

Possibility of awkwardness at dedication of the clubhouse on May 21, at which President Harding and representatives of all foreign countries are to be present.

Will Spook Be a Bane?

Chance of delaying contributions promised to follow Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's gift of \$146,000 for upkeep of the house.

Probability of harrowing nerves of thousands of women throughout the country who object to sharing their new political home with a spook.

Now it must be understood that the apparition which has arisen so to discomfite the club women of the Capital is by no means a malignant spirit.

She has offered neither inconvenience to the persons nor threat to the property of those with whom she has come into somewhat vague contact. She is only a dim, fluttering in winter twilights; a little white hand stretched forth; the half-caught flash of a smile.

And yet, so definite have been certain features of her personality, that identification was inevitable. Members of the National Woman's party are saying that the spectre of Belle Boyd, the beautiful spy of Confederate days, is haunting the rooms of the "Old Capitol," their splendid new clubhouse, at First street and Maryland avenue northeast.

Belle Boyd's Wraith.

What is the wish of this restless shade of the still more restless daughter of the Old South? What is her purpose in flitting about the historic mansion, soon to be remodeled into the most modern of monuments to a new age, her presence as evanescent as a bit of light flashing in the mahogany wainscoting of the spacious rooms?

Is she rejoicing at the entry of women into a world in which they had no place during her lifetime? Or is she, perhaps, seeking vindication for her own stepping out of what was once considered woman's sphere; action for which she was bitterly censured a half century ago?

Or isn't she there at all?

For you will find no member of the group of women who became famous when the adopted militant methods of obtaining universal enfranchisement, to admit the existence of the ghost. Practical, capable, forward-looking and energetic as woman's party members are, each will tell you that she is not concerned with shadows or legends of shadows.

She will talk a great deal about plans for making the new clubhouse the greatest institution of its kind in the world, and the cornerstone of new grandeur in the epic of women's work. But she will smile and shake her head at mention of Belle Boyd.

Meantime it is significant that lesser advanced members of the party, those whose youth implies rather unleashed imagination, of those not expected

DOES BELLE BOYD'S ghost haunt the old mansion made into a club house by the National Woman's Party? In the center of the group below is a portrait of the Confederate

beauty who threw aside the shackles of feminine convention and who, some say, has returned to the mansion now occupied by those of her sex who proclaim her gospel of freedom.



ALICE PAUL



Mrs. DUDLEY F. MALONE



Mrs. HORACE O. HAVEMEYER



ELSIE HILL

to be above timidity, do not spend much time after dusk without all lights turned on, especially in the upper chambers of the mansion.

It was in one of these chambers that the dashing Belle Boyd was held prisoner by the Federal Army when she was condemned to be shot as a spy.

The strange ghost story which is passed about so secretly, sprang into being soon after purchase of the famous old mansion and plans for restoring and remodeling were completed.

Spectacularly situated opposite the national Capitol, facing the beautiful east plaza of the Capitol grounds, it stands like a visible reminder to Congress that women finally have arrived, politically speaking.

Mrs. Belmont's Gift.

The purchase was made possible by the \$146,000 gift of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, president of the Woman's Party, and by a promise to increase her contribution to provide for extensive remodeling. Plans for this work now are being drawn by a famous architect.

The three houses into which the old mansion has been divided will be restored to one great building. There will be spacious lounging rooms, each with an open fireplace, together with executive offices upon the ground floor. An auditorium for women's meetings of all sorts, restaurant, writing and working rooms and approximately one hundred guest rooms will be arranged upon the other floors. The charming gardens surrounding the house will be developed for out-of-door functions.

Great care is being taken that no old-time charm of the mansion shall be lost. Spaciousness of rooms, with their wonderful mahogany woodwork, will re-

main to testify to master workmanship of days when the house was built.

Some of the precious things, added by various long gone occupants, also will remain. Among these is a set of hand-carved double doors of solid walnut; also a carved mantel of Carrara marble, brought from Italy.

Rooms Named By States.

Women of all the States are to have their share in the house. According to the plan, each State branch of the Woman's Party will take charge of the furnishing of one room, which will bear its name.

Ohio and Virginia are two of the first to claim this privilege. Already an old four-poster bed, said to have been used by President Lincoln, has been set up in the Ohio room.

The suffrage pioneers are to be honored by a memorial corner. A desk which belonged to Susan B. Anthony will help to furnish this room.

Like a wholesome screen, behind which the story of the clubhouse ghost shrinks in timid whispers, is a happy burden of tales concerning the impressive and exciting scenes, all meaning much in the history of the United States, which have taken place in nearly every room of the old mansion.

Where Calhoun Died.

The mansion was built in 1814 to house Congress after the burning of the Capitol by the British. Throughout four years, until 1819, Congress met in the very rooms now devoted to conferences of women leaders.

Here President Monroe was inaugurated in 1817. Great speeches and stirring events are as much a part

LADIES DENY EXISTENCE OF LOVELY SHADE

Modern Women Refuse to Take Stock in Spook Story, While Younger Members of Party, More Timid, Say That Lovely Girl Who Pierced Screen of Yankee Information Has Returned to Old Mansion.

of the building as are the materials from which it is made.

At various times statesmen and high officials have lived in the house. Calhoun lived and died in it. Justice Field, Senator Spooner of Wisconsin and a certain mysterious bachelor who once entertained so magnificently and with such flauntings of his favorite color, red, that his home looked like a conflagration, were other residents.

The colors which now adorn the house are the purple, white and gold of the Woman's party, and the presiding genius is the young Quaker woman who, most un-Quakerlike, waged tooth-and-nail warfare for the cause of universal enfranchisement—the gentle, indomitable Alice Paul.

Finally there was the time, during the civil war, when the house was used by the Federal Government as a place of confinement for prisoners of state too important to place in ordinary jails, and too dangerous to be allowed their freedom.

Belle Boyd's Prison.

And it was as such that the lovely Southern girl, Belle Boyd, was brought to that second-story chamber for a period of forced occupation.

She was not yet twenty in those days and just out of school. A slender, graceful woman with copper colored hair and dazzling eyes, whose voice was the softly alluring one possessed of sirens throughout history.

And it was through her physical charm as surely as by coolly detached mental ability that she insinuated herself into the hearts and confidences of officials of the "Blue" army, so that she might betray them.

She left Mount Washington Female College in Baltimore, Md., to further the Confederate cause, in which career she spectacularly launched herself by shooting a drunken soldier.

Thereafter she took up her residence within the Federal lines with both ears open and a pencil pad handy. A trusty messenger plied between her and General J. E. B. Stuart.

One such message was intercepted, however, and General Gwyne escorted her to headquarters. Thereafter began a long course of vamping her way through the Federal army. One of her daily pastimes was stealing Union weapons and getting them through to Confederate lines.

"Stonewall's" Aide.

She later described General Shields and two of his staff as "gallant, but not cautious." Eventually she was tried and sentenced to be shot. The order was never executed. Later another trial and similar sentence were brought about.

She caused the downfall and disgrace of Lieut. Sam Wilde Harding, of the United States Navy, who deserted and finally became a spy for the Confederates. She rewarded this young man by marrying him in England during her banishment from America by President Lincoln.

Her proudest possession was a note from Stonewall Jackson, written after defeat of General Banks:

"Miss Belle Boyd: I thank you for myself and for the army for the immense service that you have rendered your country today.

"Hastily, I am, your friend,

"T. J. JACKSON, C. S. A."

The note was dated May 23, 1862.

Her proudest memory was that of riding as honorary

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